The Evening World.

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DOUBLE LOCKERS FROM THE BEACH.

PROTESTS against the erection of fences that shut the public from seaside beaches are met by declarations that the fences are on private property and are, therefore, quite legal, since the public has no right to the beach that the owner of abutting property is bound to respect.

With almost equal futility have protests been made against the inadequate service of the railways that are supposed to supply passenger transportation between the city and the shut-in beaches.

If two wrongs could ever make a right these two in combination would come near effecting it. As it is, each affords the other excellent excuse if not support. The railway company may say to the public: "Why crowd down to the beaches when you cannot pass the fences?" The beach closers may say: "Why complain of the fences when you cannot get transportation to where the beaches are?"

Between the two, without resort to boycott, strike or lockout, the public is likely this summer to save for the joys of the home much money that otherwise might have been expended by the sad sea waves.

THE CRIME OF THE KIDNAPPER.

WITH the frequently recurring stories of children kidnapped and held for extorted ransom the public is so familiar that little impression is made by any new case as it arises in the routine of news. When, however, the summing up of these offenses affords the District-Attorney's office a basis for concluding that within the past ten years as many as 150 offenses of the kind have occurred in the city, even the most indifferent must be somewhat startled by the disclosure.

The salient feature of the report is that with the finest police force in the world, and with an able corps of detectives, a criminal traffic of this kind has been carried on for ten years and is still apparently in full swing and ready for more work as soon as the present efforts to suppress it have lost some of their zeal, energy and alertness.

The seriousness of the crime lies in the comparative ease with which it can be carried on among the children of parents who are sufficiently well off to pay ransom but not rich enough to provide guardians for the children to and from school or when at play on the streets. Furthermore, the natural terror of the parent lest the stolen child be tortured or murdered helps the villainy to success. That terror should be lifted from the homes of the people by the promptest and severest punishment our courts can inflict upon any one proven guilty of inspiring it.

MAXIXE AND THE PEA VINE.

THE report of Dr. Farabee, leader of the Amazon expedition of the University of Pennsylvania, that he has found the Brazilian Indians dancing the maxixe or "mashka," as they call it, is rendered further interesting by his statement that the Indian name for it means "the pea vine." It will be readily recalled by those whose memories go back to the days before the negro melody had given way to the "coon song" that there was an old-fashioned darky "walk around" to a tune whose refrain carried the words, "Oh, Miss Ca'line, can't you dance the pea vine." This was always accompanied by a fancy step illustrating the pea vine twist and tangle.

How did the negro of the Southern plantations get the same dance and the same name as the Brazilian Indian? May it not be that the dance and name were originally African and were brought to the United States and Brazil by slaves, being taken up by the Indians as a courting song long ago; and in this country first by minstrelsy and of late reimported with a Portuguese name for the delight alike of old age and infancy?

THE LAW NEEDS VINDICATION.

AMONG the significant features of the report of the Interstate Commerce Commission on the looting of the New Haven Railroad are the facts showing that under the Morgan-Rockefeller management there was not only a violation of law but a persistent defiance of it, sometimes insolent and sometimes sneaking.

Thus the report says the greatest losses and most costly blunders "were made in attempting to circumvent governmental regulation." It adds: "With the realization of the illegality of its control of the Boston and Maine stock began the startling series of transfers, shifts and evasions by which it was sought to make it appear that the New Haven had divested itself of the Boston and Maine stock."

In another connection it is said: "Many of these subsidiary corporations served no purpose save an evil one. They were used to cover transactions that would not bear scrutiny."

Drawing conclusions, the Commission says: "It appears, therefore, that not only were these consolidations contrary to law, but these directors were cognizant of the fact and contented themselves with the advice of counsel that under the company's charter it could do anything it pleased."

The case thus made up goes to the courts. We shall see what the judges do to vindicate the despised law.

Letters From the People

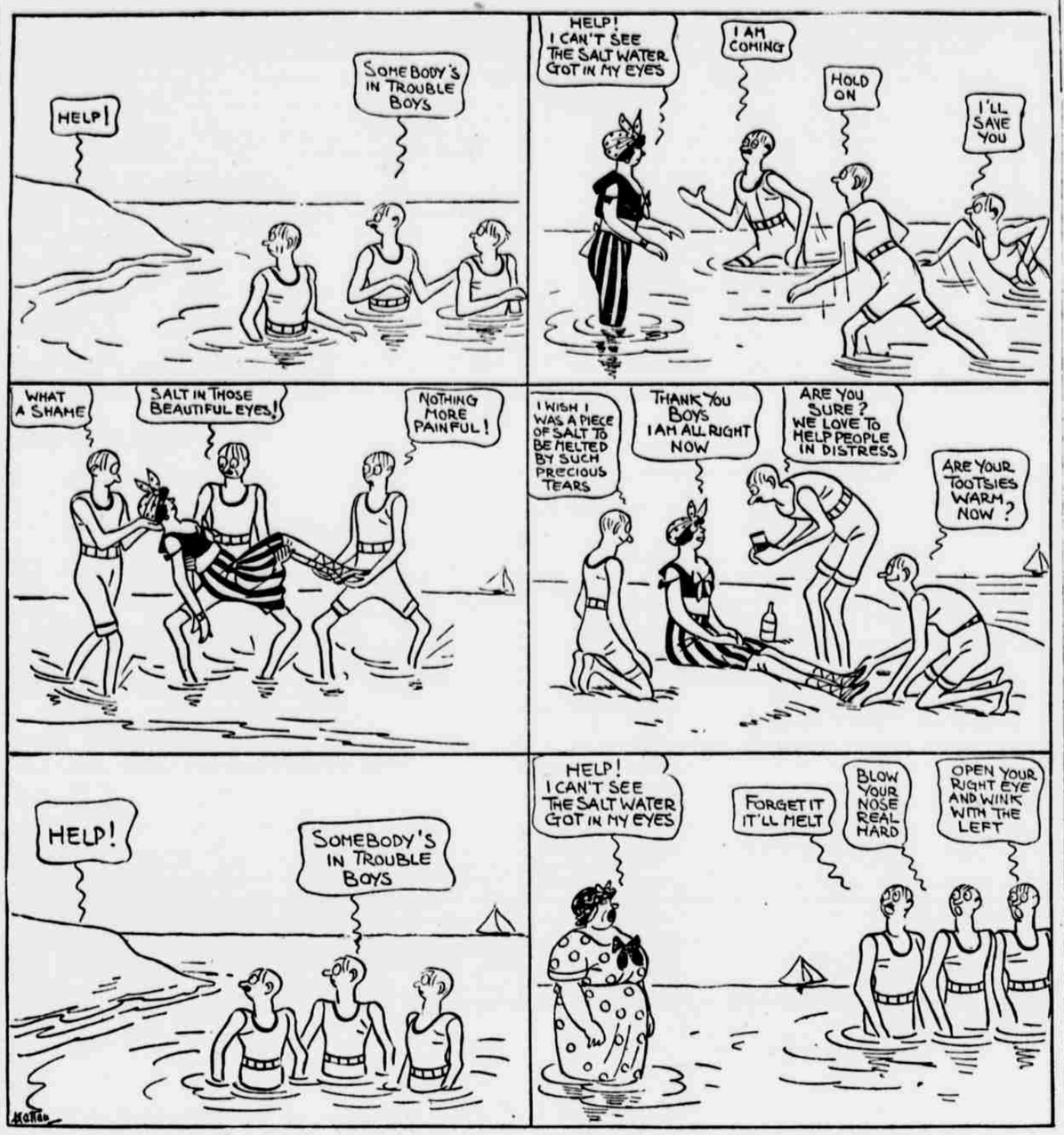
A Soldier's Work Hunt.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I have read letters asking about army life. Here is a letter I received from a young man who was discharged from the United States Army about four months ago: "I have been out of the army for over four months and cannot find work. When I was a small boy I always thought that to serve one's country was a great honor. As you know, I entered the army when I was eighteen years old and, like most boys at that age who enter the army, I had no trade. When I got my discharge I thought that, having served the United States honestly and faithfully for three years, people would be glad to have me work for them. But it was not so. After many efforts to get work I discovered that the people who cheer when they see soldiers in parade seem to have little use for the same soldier when he wants work. I am therefore disgusted, and were it not for my parents I would go back to the army. But I owe something to my parents and therefore I will try a little longer." I think that the Government, if not the people, owes retired soldiers a job. What do readers think? F. F.

Such Is Life!

By Maurice Ketten



REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR GIRL.

By HELEN ROWLAND.

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IN most men's eyes a husband seems to be the only convincing advertisement of a woman's fascination.

The modern man's life is a series of "breaks." First he breaks hearts, then promises, then marriage vows, then speed records, and finally, his constitution, his fortune, or his neck.

A woman may have to believe a man in order to love him—but, ah, HOW she has to love him in order to believe him!

Why does a man always take for granted that a girl who flirts with him wants him to kiss her—when, nine times out of ten, she only wants him to WANT to kiss her?

If a man has a straight nose and good shoulders, somehow it doesn't take more than a few evenings in the moonlight and a little auto-suggestion for a girl to persuade herself that he and she are mentally and spiritually mated.

One kiss will sometimes sweeten a whole summer as effectively as one lump of sugar will sweeten a whole can of skimmed milk.

In France people marry for money; in Germany they marry for a home; in England they marry for social position; but in America they marry—just for instance.

A man may admire a girl for her "beauty of mind," but he doesn't often ask her to go strolling in the moonlight with him for that reason.

Marriage will never be safe until we stop making it an "ideal" and begin trying to make it a square deal.

Stop Making Marriage an "Ideal" and Begin to Make It a "Square Deal."

First Locomotive.

THE first locomotive was completed and put into operation just a century ago, in 1814, by George Stephenson, who was born in Wylam, England, June 9, 1781. He was engineer at a colliery when he invented a travelling engine to draw wagons along a tramway. Stephenson's first locomotive attained a speed of six miles an hour. Improvement after improvement was made, not only in the locomotive, but in the rails, and in 1822 Stephenson opened the first railway, which was eight miles in length.

In 1829 his locomotive, the Rocket, reached a speed of thirty-five miles an hour, winning the prize of $2,500 offered by the Liverpool and Manchester Railway Company. The entire system of railway locomotion, with stations, signals, tenders and carriages, was completed with the inauguration of the Liverpool and Manchester line in 1830. Stephenson was largely instrumental in establishing all the English and foreign lines during the first period of railroading. He died in 1848. The centenary of steam locomotives finds those engines improved and enlarged beyond the wildest dreams of the inventor, but already threatened with extinction by the electric locomotive.

Hits From Sharp Wits.

The wise lover nowadays will remember that the tender missives he sends may be read by the jury as well as by the girl.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

* * *

No man ever got very far by standing with one elbow on the bar and imagining himself the favorite son of Destiny.—Toledo Blade.

* * *

The noisiest leader may not have the largest following.

* * *

That money is not everything is remarked most frequently by men who have a lot.—Albany Journal.

* * *

Silence is wisdom's safeguard and the disguise of ignorance.—Albany Journal.

* * *

The reason daddy likes to have his boy go through college is because sonny can come home and tell daddy all there is to learn about life.—Toledo Blade.

* * *

There is a rush for experiments, for something new.—Macon Telegraph.

This Is St. Swithin's Day— But Don't Believe Its Omens

YES, this is St. Swithin's Day—July 15—but don't let that worry you, even if there is rain. As a weather prophet the saint is a fraud.

St. Swithin's Day, if thou dost rain
For forty days it will remain;
St. Swithin's Day, if thou be fair
For forty days 'twill rain nae mair.

So remarked our ancestors every July 15, which is the festival of St. Swithin, confessor, bishop and patron of Winchester, England. He lived in the ninth century.

As usual, our ancestors were wrong, but superstition has more lives than a cat. Our credulous forefathers might easily have disproved the St. Swithin legend, but they were fond of "signs" and denounced all persons who sought to destroy their pet illusions.

It has remained for the sapient and iconoclastic scientists of the present generation to "show up" St. Swithin as the impostor he is. Meteorological records prove conclusively that there is more poetry than truth in the ancient verse about St. Swithin and the weather—and absolutely no truth! On the contrary, statistics show that in both America and England a wet St. Swithin's Day is more likely to be followed by a drought than a deluge.

It is only giving St. Swithin a square deal, however, to say that he never posed as a prognosticator of the weather and that this reputation was assigned to him after he was dead and couldn't help himself. According to the tradition which accounts for Bishop Swithin's vogue as a prophet, the saint asked that he be buried in the common graveyard instead of in the church. This request was complied with, but about a century later the clergy decided that the last resting place chosen by Swithin was not in keeping with the dignity attaching to the bones of a bishop. When they prepared to dig up all that was mortal of Swithin the clouds poured forth a veritable deluge and the rainfall continued without intermission for forty days. After that the priests decided that it wasn't safe to disregard Swithin's preferences, and they built a chapel above his grave.

This legend is very interesting and it is an excellent example of the inventive genius of a writer of the eighteenth century. He was a trifle careless as to the facts, however, for the removal of Swithin's bones was accomplished with much ceremony and without any interference from the weather. The weather during the ceremonial and feast was described as "most propitious."

Swithin was never canonized by the Pope, so he is not a regular saint in good standing, but only what is called in England a, "home-made saint."

Many other saints have been popularly associated with the weather. In Scotland and generally throughout Europe it was believed that rain on the festival of the Translation of St. Martin, July 4, betokened wet weather for twenty days thereafter. In France St. Medard was the "weather saint," probably because of the legend that on one occasion when the saint was caught in a heavy rain an eagle hovered over him and served the purpose of an umbrella. St. Gervais, St. Protais and St. Godelieve have their devoted followings. Candlemas Day, the second of February, is also alleged to be a prophetic period, but the groundhog, and not a saint, gets the credit.

∴ Pop's ∴ Mutual Motor

By Alma Woodward.

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No. 1—Napoleon at Canarsie.

POP'S proclamation, when he bought the car, was received in silence. He said:

"The average automobile owner thinks he's saving your life if he takes you for a ten-mile spin, lets you buy him a drink and do five-fourths of the work when he has a blowout. MY car is going to be at the disposal of my friends and neighbors. I'm going to do all the favors and give all the pleasure I can with it."

* * * * * * *

"I really don't like to ask you, Mr. Mitt," Mrs. Green, who lives across the street, spoke apologetically. "But the other evening you said that any time I wanted to make use of your car I was welcome."

"Certainly!" asserted Pop, heartily. "What can I do for you?"

"Well, I'll tell you how it is, Mr. Mitt. I have a sister who had a—er—er—nervous breakdown, and she's been in a sanitarium at Canarsie. She's entirely cured now, and I thought if you could go with me and bring her home in your car it would be so kind of you—oh, so kind, Mr. Mitt!"

"That sister of hers was crazy the last time I heard," murmured Ma, as the lady ran home to get her hat. "She was in a bughouse!"

"Well, can't she be cured? I declare I don't know where my family gets its uncharitable spirit. Here's a chance to do a kind thing—so let's do it."

An hour later we rolled up the beautifully kept roadway. A figure stepped from behind a syringa bush and bade us halt. It was a man with the bland face of a child. On his head he balanced a cocked hat of newspaper; at his side was a bamboo cane sword, sheathed in a scabbard of mosquito netting.

"I knew you would come, General," he said. "We will immediately proceed to inspect the battle-ground." And, without another word he opened the door of the tonneau and got in between Mrs. Green and Ma.

"He thinks he's Napoleon," whispered Pop. "No sanitarium is orthodox without one. We'll drive him up to the building."

But Napoleon thought otherwise.

"The other way—back up!" he commanded. "The battle-ground lies beyond the gates!"

"Do as he says—do as he says! He may get violent!" screamed Mrs. Green.

"Be quiet, Josephine!" ordered the Emperor. "General, proceed."

And the General proceeded, all right. It's one thing to have a lunatic in front of you—it's another to have him right behind you, flourishing amateur weapons of war, with tacks in 'em! Especially when you're trying to run a car that you haven't got the hang of.

Pop inspected battlegrounds all over Canarsie from 3 to 6 P. M. at the point of Napoleon's bamboo sword. Then suddenly there was a report, loud and sharp as a pistol shot. With a pained whoop of dismay Napoleon leaped from the car, shouting that the enemy was upon us, and started to hotfoot it up the road.

Pop mopped his brow.

"Oh, blessed blowout!" he intoned. "Napoleon's Waterloo, at Canarsie, art thou! Which tire was it, son?"

The Love Stories Of Great Americans

By Albert Payson Terhune

(Copyright, 1914, by the Press Publishing Co. (New York Evening World.)

NO. 20.—NATHAN HALE AND HIS SCHOOLGIRL SWEETHEART.

A CONNECTICUT schoolmaster—younger than many college boys of the present day—fell in love with one of his pupils.

The young schoolmaster was Nathan Hale, a six-foot athlete who was graduated from Yale at eighteen, and who, at nineteen, was appointed preceptor of the New London Union Grammar School. The girl was Alice Adams. She was sixteen, and was beautiful and vivacious. Some authorities say she was Hale's adopted sister.

Their romance began in the schoolroom in 1774. The nineteen-year-old wooer was making a fair living. And sixteen was not considered in those days an over-early marriage age for girls. So Nathan and Alice became engaged. Plans for their wedding were under way when, the next spring, came news of the Concord and Lexington battle.

America had struck its first blow for freedom. And at word of it the thirteen colonies blazed into war. Everywhere men turned from the work to enlist. Hale recruited and drilled a company of New London schoolboys, using his father's old "Manual of Arms." He showed so much military talent that he was made a lieutenant in one of the first Connecticut regiments.

A Soldier's Wooing.

Alice urged him on to glory and to duty; even though she realized that the war must postpone indefinitely their marriage. When he left for the front, Hale wrote her a letter which ended:

"As soon as our beloved country is free from accursed British rule and the last redcoat has been driven from our shores I will return to keep my promise to you!"

At best theirs threatened to be a long engagement. For the most sanguine patriot did not expect an early end to the war. Hale threw himself heart and soul into the conflict. On Jan. 1, 1776, he was promoted to a captaincy. One gallant exploit followed another. His capture of the British warship "Asia" drew all eyes to him. Then came his last and bravest deed.

New York City was in the hands of the British. Hale volunteered to go thither in disguise to learn information for Gen. Washington. His mission was betrayed by a Tory cousin and he was captured. Without trial, he was condemned to die.

Hale, before starting for New York, had paid a last flying visit to Alice, at New London. He did not tell her the errand on which he was bound. But he sent back to her by a fellow officer his commission and everything of value he possessed.

Now, on his last night on earth, he wrote her a letter of farewell. He gave the letter to Cunningham, the "Devil Provost Marshal," to send through the lines to Alice. Cunningham read the letter in Hale's presence, then tore it to bits and spat on the fragments.

Hale next asked for a Bible. Cunningham refused; nor would the Provost-Marshal let him see a clergyman.

At dawn on Sunday, Sept. 22, 1776, Hale was led out to die. Some say he was hanged somewhere on the old Beekman estate, some that his scaffold was where the Hall of Records now stands; some that it was in the Rutger's orchard at Pike and Monroe streets. No one knows the place of his unmarked grave.

The rope around his neck, Nathan Hale turned to address the weeping crowd that surrounded the gallows. He began the wonderful speech which contains the words: "I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country." Before the address was ended, Cunningham yelled to the hangman:

"Swing him off!"

It would be romantic to tell how Alice Adams died of heartbreak. But in real life such things seldom happen. Even as Robert Emmet's sweetheart lived on and married a lesser man, so did Alice Adams. In fact, Alice married twice. First, Eleazer Ripley and then William Laurence of Hartford.

A Destroyed Love Letter.

Yet she never wholly forgot her hero-lover. For, in 1845—nearly seventy years later—when she lay dying, she started momentarily out of her death sleep and exclaimed:

"Write to Nathan!"

"Thicker Than Water."

AWAY back in the '50s an American naval officer stationed in China, observing that the British ships were getting the worst of it in a battle with the heathen Chinese, went to the assistance of the English and helped to chastise the Orientals. He explained afterward that "Blood is thicker than water," and his superiors accepted his statement without subjecting it to scientific proof.

Since then the officers and tars of the British and American navies have been on the friendliest terms. At Manila the British sea-fighters, from the commander down, were pro-American to a man. More recently, in Mexican ports, British sailors had another opportunity to demonstrate their fraternal feeling for their American cousins. When the marines and sailors went ashore at Vera Cruz they were cheered on their way by the men on the British cruisers in the harbor.

At Tampico many Americans had cause to be thankful to the sea-fighters from John Bull's tight little island and to their commander, Sir Christopher George Francis Maurice Cradock, the rear-admiral in charge of the British squadron off Tampico. In the work of getting American refugees out of the turbulent country the Admiral co-operated effectively with Sir Lionel Carden, the British Minister.

The May Manton Fashions

Two Afternoon Playing Frocks

LEFT Figure.—Large checked brown and ecru gingham dress with belt, collar and cuffs of brown linen trimmed with pearl buttons. The front is cut to simulate a point at the neck, and is edged with a narrow heading of ecru gingham.

RIGHT Figure.—Frock of geranium pink linen. The turned back collar, sleeves and coat have a scalloped edge, piped with the same material. The skirt is laced in wide box plaits under a deep girdle of roman striped ribbon in two shades of pink, yellow and black; olive shaped buttons and bound button-holes fasten the coat down the front.

How to Obtain These Patterns.

Call at THE EVENING WORLD MAY MANTON FASHION BUREAU, Donald Building, 100 West Thirty-second street (opposite Gimbel Bros.), corner Sixth avenue and Thirty-second street, New York, or sent by mail on receipt of ten cents in coin or stamps for each pattern ordered.

IMPORTANT—Write your address plainly and always specify size wanted. Add two cents for letter postage if in a hurry.